

The Sketch

No. 1317—Vol. CII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1918

NINEPENCE.



ENGAGED: MISS A. C. GEORGE, A V.A.D. NURSE AND SISTER OF A VISCOUNTESS.

An interesting engagement which has been announced is that of Miss A. C. George to Major R. W. Treichmann, of the Royal Garrison Artillery. Miss George is well known as an energetic war-worker and nurse in the Voluntary Aid Detachment. She is a daughter of Mr.

William George, Town Clerk of Invergordon, Ross-shire, and sister to Viscountess Uffington, who was Miss Wilhelmina Mary George before her marriage to Viscount Uffington, the only son of Captain the Earl of Craven, in 1916.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND. —"

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

RECORDED CONVERSATIONS.

(For the Benefit of Posterity.)

"THE INTELLECTUALS" (June 1914).

PHILIPPA: Good morning, darling.

CLARISSA: Good morning, dearest. I've brought back the Nietzsche you were kind enough to lend me.

PHILIPPA: Oh, how sweet of you! I was looking for it only yesterday. I had a splitting head, and nothing soothes me so much as a dip into dear Nietzsche.

CLARISSA: I can quite understand that. One has only to murmur to oneself: "The concept of political precedence finally passes over into a concept of precedence of sentiment," and the mind is at once clarified and invigorated.

PHILIPPA: How true, how more than true, that is! I knew you would become a convert at once!

CLARISSA: Indeed, yes! How small and feeble all our own essayists seem in comparison with the Master! I shall never forget my sensations on reading that "the ascetic ideal is prompted by the self-protective and self-preservative instinct of degenerating life"! I laid the book down and clapped my hands for sheer joy!

PHILIPPA: So vivid!

CLARISSA: So limpid!

PHILIPPA: So neo-esoteric!

CLARISSA: So filled with the eternal oh-yes-ness! Just let me read you one glorious passage that I have copied out and pinned over my bed.

PHILIPPA: Do, darling! I will close my eyes!

CLARISSA: "We"—that is Germany, I take it—"hold in our hands the possibility to 'idealise' the entire globe! . . . But what say I of courage? Here but one thing is necessary—even this hand, an unembarrassed, very much unembarrassed hand—" Are you listening, my love?

PHILIPPA: Oh, fully! Fully, my angel! Of course, you see, I know it all by heart.

CLARISSA: Oh, of course. I ought not to have bothered you!

PHILIPPA: Bothered me? D'you imagine I could ever weary of those grand, soaring intellectualities? And then rendered in your flute-like voice?

CLARISSA: I must go on with my Nietzsche! I can never go back, now! What will you lend me next?

PHILIPPA: I expect you've read "Thus Spake Zarathustra"?

CLARISSA: No, I'm ashamed to say. Have you it? Will you really and truly entrust?

PHILIPPA: I will, darling, to you.

CLARISSA: And I will come, by and by, and tell you how I have loved it. The old mundane life seems very far away—

PHILIPPA: Gone! Banished for ever!

THE SAME (April 1918).

PHILIPPA: Good morning, darling.

CLARISSA: Good morning, dearest. I've such a wonderful piece of news for you!

PHILIPPA: Something to do with food, I hope?

CLARISSA: Oh, what else? Listen, love. You can get a sheep's head at Robinson's without a coupon!

PHILIPPA: How glorious! And somebody told me that a calf's tail—

CLARISSA: Yes, and pigs' feet!

PHILIPPA: In fact, all the extremities!

CLARISSA: What d'you think I've been reading?

PHILIPPA: War-time cookery?

CLARISSA: Precisely. So fascinating! Can you make a rice salad?

PHILIPPA: Don't! It sounds too delicious!

CLARISSA: I'll tell you how to do it. Take half-a-pound of cooked rice, a large onion, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, pepper, salt, vinegar to taste, and half a tin of sardines. Drain the rice. When cold, mix with the minced onion and Worcester sauce. Chop the sardines finely, and add with their oil to the rice; then—

PHILIPPA: Stop! I can't bear any more! Where did you read all these exquisite phrases?

CLARISSA: In the *Daily Chronicle*. There's a column all about it every day by Mrs. Alfred Praga. She's my favourite authoress!

PHILIPPA: So I should think! What felicity of language!

CLARISSA: Would you have believed that the English tongue could be made so—so succulent!

PHILIPPA: She must be a genius! They ought to give her the laureateship! No man could write like that!

CLARISSA: Ah, but that's nothing! Wait till I tell you what she has to say about Carrot Salad! And Butter Bean Salad! And Green Pea Salad! And Cabbage Salad! You'll go mad! You truly will!

PHILIPPA: Now I know what Nietzsche meant when he talked about "idealising" the whole globe!

CLARISSA: Nietzsche? I seem to remember the name vaguely?

PHILIPPA: That dull old German we used to pretend to gloat over!

CLARISSA: Oh, that fat-headed old dodderer! Much good he'd be at the present juncture!

PHILIPPA: Could he tell you how to make a Butter Bean Salad?

CLARISSA: Or, what is much more wonderful, puddings with potatoes?

PHILIPPA: You're joking! That's not possible!

CLARISSA: Oh, isn't it, though! Just shows how your education has been neglected, my precious! Will you take a course of war-cookery with me?

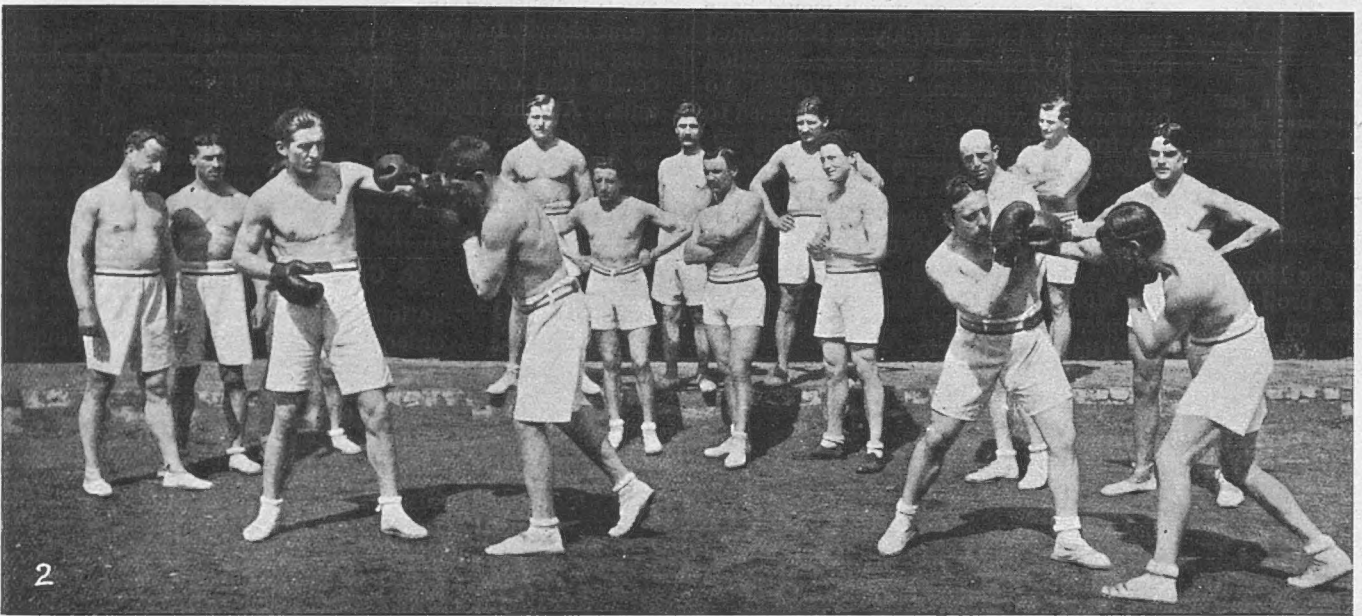
PHILIPPA: I will! Count me your proselyte! And thus to regain the love of our (respective) husbands!



A SINGER OF "TROUBADOUR" SONGS IN LONDON:
MLLE. COLLIGNON.

The charm of novelty and an unusual phase of art should fill the Æolian Hall on April 27, when Mlle. Collignon will give a recital of "Troubadour" songs of the thirteenth century, rendered with English by Ezra Pound, and verses harmonised by Goossens, Ireland, Bax, and Bridge.—[Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.]

DIGGING TO THE PIPES; A FAMOUS BOXER; U.S. VISITORS.



1. PLYING THE SPADE TO THE MUSIC OF THE PIPERS :
LONDON SCOTTISH DIGGING TRENCHES AT THE FRONT.

2. A GREAT FRENCH BOXER AS ARMY GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR :
GEORGES CARPENTIER TEACHING.

3. VISITORS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND THEIR HOSTS : A GROUP ON THE TERRACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Our top photograph gives a novel example of the uses of music at the Front.—Georges Carpentier, the famous boxing champion, was for over two years in the French air service. Our photograph shows him teaching his art, as part of the gymnastic training, at a French military

school.—In the group of representative Americans recently arrived in England are (towards the left) Dr. Page (U.S. Ambassador) standing next Mr. Balfour; Mr. Barnes (sitting, fifth from left), Lord Bryce (sitting, fifth from right), Lord Beaverbrook (third from right, middle row).



Women Violinists.

A programme of more than normal interest attracted me to the New Queen's Hall Orchestra's penultimate concert of the current season, and I found Sir Henry Wood and his corps efficient as ever, and, perhaps, more noticeably feminine, for among the first violins I counted an equal number of men and women. Cesar Franck's D minor symphony was the set piece of the afternoon, and it proved much to the taste of the audience from start to finish; the concluding allegro was particularly enjoyed, both by performers and listeners. Myra Hess was the soloist, her most noticeable effort being the presto at the end of Mozart's pianoforte concerto in A major, which she played with manifest delight and great spirit. But perhaps the most striking feature of a very pleasurable afternoon was D'Alvarez's "Pleurez! Mes Yeux," which was simply magnificent. Massenet's gem, the words of which were so significant at the moment, was given with a measure of dramatic intensity and conviction which would have moved any but a highly self-contained audience to frank and open manifestation of grief, and, although one noticed no outward and visible sign, yet it seemed to me, from the manner of the ensuing applause, that the message had gone home.



"An application by a golf caddie to Wimborne Food Control Committee for extra rations was disallowed."—*Daily Paper.*

Ever Topical.

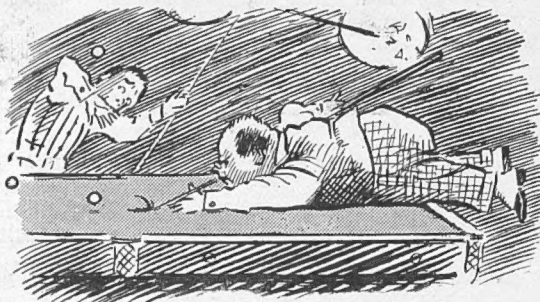
I rubbed my eyes when I saw at the performance of "Romanticismo" given by the Pioneer Players, Leslie Howard (who was playing so well the dissolute brother in "The Morals of Vanda" at Brighton on Saturday) appearing as the delightfully light-hearted Marquis Giacomino d'Arfo. "Romanticismo" is, alas! a play of the moment, in spite of its date, for it is all about national hatred, prisons, and politics. Among the crowded audience I saw Lady Maud Warrender, Miss Viola Tree, Lady Cunard, Miss Elsie Kirby (writer of sweet lyrics), Miss Bertha Graham, Miss Hilda Moore (in soft dull black satin), Baroness d'Erlanger, Lady Muir Mackenzie (her black hat trimmed with tiny black ostrich-tips and small deep-pink roses), and Mrs. Enthoven, in uniform of dark-blue. The dresses of the year 1854 worn in the play were most picturesque. Miss Elinor Blomfield looked delightfully springlike in her lilac-coloured peasant's dress. Mrs. Saba Raleigh looked splendid in a grey wig surmounted by a white lace head-dress. Her first gown was of black silk; her second of silver-grey with a black net shawl, embroidered with brightly coloured silk flowers. Miss Ruth Bowyer wore a triple-flounced dress of dull white silk trimmed with tiny plaques of blue and yellow, with creamy lace berthe and sleeves. The next performance (the last of the present season) will take place in May, when a new comedy by H. F. Rubinstein will be produced.



THE NEW CHIEF OF THE AIR STAFF OF THE R.A.F.: MAJOR-GENERAL F. H. SYKES, C.M.G.
Photograph by Hoppe.

The Imperial Patriots League.

As an instance of the manner in which a war-time dance organised to benefit the funds for charity should be run, Miss Milsom Rees's recent effort at the Grosvenor Galleries may be held up as a shining example. Everything was

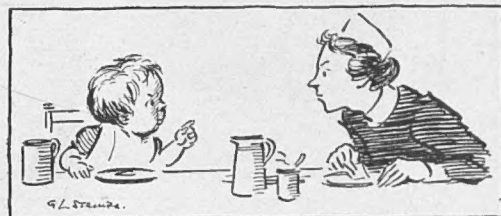


Q. Is a billiard-room a "place of entertainment"?
A. That sometimes depends on whether the table is yours.
"The question is whether a billiard-room is a 'place of entertainment' within the meaning of the [Lighting] Order."—*Daily Paper.*

done in the simplest possible manner compatible with the reasonable enjoyment of subscribers; the room was full, but not too full; the Versatile Four from Murray's, who supplied the music, were more versatile and resourceful than ever; and everybody went home—mostly on foot—in high good-humour. The funds of the Imperial Patriots League should benefit substantially. Among those present were Lady Milsom Rees, Lady Muir Mackenzie, Ethel Levey, and Gertie Millar.

A Spanish Beauty.

Countess Paulette Del Baye, said to be the most beautiful woman in Spain, from the Theatre Royal in Madrid, has arrived in London to play one of the principal rôles in "Pekin Polly!" the new musical comedy by Edward B. Perkins, which is to be produced in the West End in May. She has brought with her treasures of Spanish sumptuousness—gorgeous shawls, old lace mantillas, jewelled combs and ear-pendants. At the beginning of the war she gave up her beautiful home in Paris to be transformed into a hospital, where she herself was a nurse for many months. Her London house reveals her taste and originality. The rooms, instead of being lit from the ceiling, have their lamps on the floors.



"When I ask for more honey, Nurse, I do wish you'd stop making that silly remark—'Do I know there's a war on?' You know perfectly well I never knew when there wasn't!"

St. George's Day. There were plenty of events to mark the day of our national patron saint on April 23, not least the order of the King and Army Council that the troops may wear the national emblem in their head-dress on that day. But many folk must have missed the gorgeous little ceremonial service held in the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George at St. Paul's Cathedral, when the banners of new Grand Knights were hung from those historic walls, and a picturesque ceremony full of interest and significance took place there. With our Prince of Wales just raised to high estate in the Order, the service this year would have been of special interest. Yet it is not essential, and only essentials should continue to-day. Last year was memorable by reason of the name of Lord Kitchener being included in those of the Order's members who had fallen in the service of their country.

A Royal Loan. Fourteen large paintings from Buckingham Palace, recently loaned by the King, have been effectively hung in the Victoria Art Gallery of Bath. They comprise seven Gainsboroughs, three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one example each of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Copley, Russell, and Lord

Leighton. Of the Gainsboroughs, one of the most admired is the portrait of Queen Charlotte in a diaphanous white-and-gold dress over a hoop-skirt, with majestic coiffure and headdress, the King Charles spaniel at her feet toning in with the general colour-scheme of soft yellow. The adjoining portrait of King George III. represents a dignified statesman of grave demeanour. Effeminate, yet charmingly painted in dull reds and browns, is the portrait of Johann Christian Fischer, musician and son-in-law of Gainsborough. But



WAR RECORDS IN SCULPTURE: A MODEL OF WOMEN WAR-WORKERS ROLLING BANDAGES, MADE FOR THE WOMEN'S WORK SUB-COMMITTEE OF THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



ROYAL INTEREST IN THE IVORY CROSS DAY: PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (RIGHT) AND THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND AT THE NEW ZEALAND DEPÔT.

Photograph by L.N.A.

white-feather hat; an interesting Whistler nocturne in grey, "A Snow-Storm"; and two Mancinis—"A Neapolitan Musician" and a brilliantly impressionistic "Study of a Lady." Most important of all is a hauntingly impressive bit of composition and colour by Paul Gauguin, "Bretons at Mass," one of the very few examples of this Frenchman in England, and worthy of a niche quite apart. In drawing and reverential simplicity it recalls the Biblical conceptions of those wonderful monastic artists who painted the miniatures in late fifteenth and early sixteenth century Flemish, French, and Italian "Horæ Virginis." In the upper gallery are three of Rodin's sculptures in bronze from the same collection—busts of Victor Hugo and Mozart, and a drooping, full-

the bright particular jewel of this collection is "Diana and Actæon," never seen by Gainsborough's biographers, nor ever before exhibited. It is unfinished, and was "purchased by George, Prince of Wales, from the painter's widow." A symphony in delicate, idyllic greens and tender yellows it is, with softly voluptuous drawing of the bathing and reclining nymphs—artistically worthy a journey to Bath to see.

A Marvellous Gauguin.

Regal also in artistic importance is the recent loan to the Victoria Art Gallery of thirteen modern paintings from one of the finest private collections in Britain—that of the Misses Margaret and Gwendoline Davies, of Plas Dinam, Montgomeryshire. Nine examples of Augustus John are here, including a portrait of the artist himself, and the head of a coster girl with



When all the barbers are called up! Every man his own back-hair-cutter.



See what you'll save!

length study of Eve. Within a short time seven paintings of the modern French School, also owned by the Misses Davies, are to be brought to Bath from Paris, where they are now being exhibited. They include works by Renoir, Manet, Puvis de Chavannes, and Cézanne.

Bits from Brighton.

Brighton is delightful now; many boys and girls have brought their parents here for the school holidays. Many interesting folk are in the town. Lady Pontifex and Lady Laurence are here; Mme. Kirkby Lunn is at the Grand Hotel. At the Metropole, Viscount Farquhar, Viscount Marcham, the Master of Gray, Mme. Fontoura Xavier, Baron de Pontenani, Sir Cecil Trevor, C.B., and Count Borowski are staying. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Mayo are at the Royal York. At the King's Hotel, Brigadier-General A. M. Asquith, D.S.O., is resting. His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, with their family, Countess Van du Slegen, Viscountess Parker, Lady Cavendish Boyle, Lord and Lady Shaw of Dunfermline, Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred and Miss M. Carrington, Colonel Sir John and Lady Roper Parkinson are all at the Princes' Hotel. A golden day fading into an opalescent sunset on Friday, followed by the Lewes Races on Saturday, filled the town to overflowing—'twas a mystery where everyone was bestowed. Apparently no one has left, and there were

hosts of fresh arrivals, who all seemed to have left their cares behind them. I saw Sir Samuel Evans on the front enjoying surcease from unravelling matrimonial knots and Prize Court problems.

An Up-to-Date Party.

The Curfew has descended upon us, and party-givers have had to reorganise their hours. On a Saturday lately, Mrs. Arnott gave a small party at her unique house in Hillsleigh Road. Her salon, an exact replica from the interior of a Pompeian palace state-room, was for dancing; and her Futurist room (black and white even to the ceiling) contained a roulette—counters only, but it was quite as exciting as Monte Carlo, without the feeling that anyone would commit suicide due to their losses! Mrs. Arnott had a crowd of well-known people. During the evening Lady Constance Richardson performed a dance to the vocal accompaniment of Miss Teddie Gerard, but otherwise talent was hiding under a bushel.

Sunning Herself Back to Health.

I have a note from Mlle. Gina Palerme, the well-known beauty, who has been ill for some time, saying she is convalescing at Nice, and very happy there where the white lilac blows. Mlle. Gina is of the South, and white lilac, she tells me, is her favourite flower.

A Godmother of Stage Youngsters.

Lady Bancroft is another convalescent. She has been seriously ill for some time, but is now recovering. She has stayed in her home in Folkestone all through the raidy times, and rationed herself for over a year now. Her illness was due to overwork; she spends herself freely at the hospitals, and always has a joyous audience of boys in blue for the stories which she tells in her own inimitable manner. By the way, she is keenly interested in all young stage people, and was very sorry she could not get to town to see the students of the Academy of Dramatic Art when they played for the Bancroft Prize.

Of Interest to Cooks, Gourmets, and Others.

The Red Cross Book of Recipes which is being made by Lady Glenconner and Miss Jessie E. Dunbar, is progressing. Among the latest contributors are the Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lady Plunket, Lady Beatty, Lady Tredegar, Lady Jekyll, Lady Alexander, Countess Bathurst, Lady Lavery, Miss Isabel Butchart, Mrs. Ambrose McEvoy, Mrs. Ismay, Mme. Genée Isitt, Mrs. Theodore Watts-Dunton, etc. It is surprising, since the women of our generation are not supposed to know anything of the domestic arts, what a rich and varied store of recipes they possess. We may yet see the still-room book come into use again, and held as a cherished possession.

The Countess's Kitchen-Garden.

The Countess of Jersey is a pretty woman who believes in gardening, and is during the war doing a great deal of work in her kitchen-garden at Middleton. She and her babies love the country, and, as soon as they are big enough, will have small gardens marked out for their own, just as the Duchess of Norfolk's little ones have. The value of a knowledge of gardening is a thing to be more highly appreciated now than ever before, even as a pursuit for ladies of position.



A WEDDING AT THE ORATORY: CAPTAIN RAOUL DE MERINDOL, CAMERONIANS (SCOTTISH RIFLES) AND HIS BRIDE (MISS GERALDINE CAMPBELL) LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Photograph by L.N.A.



APPOINTED ACTING BRITISH MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE ON THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL AT VERSAILLES: MAJ.-GEN. SACKVILLE-WEST.

Photograph by Swaine.



"CUP DAY" FOR WOMEN'S EMERGENCY CANTEENS IN FRANCE: MRS. HARRY CRESSY AND MISS NINA BOUCICAULT SELLING AT THE BERKELEY HOTEL.—[Photograph by Topical.]



APPOINTED AIR SECRETARY TO THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE R.A.F.: BRIG.-GEN. GUY LIVINGSTON, DEPUTY MASTER-GENERAL OF PERSONNEL IN THE AIR MINISTRY.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

GAZETTED TO A "SPECIAL APPOINTMENT": MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. W. MONEY, K.C.B., C.S.I.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



"Is your father in?" "No, m." "When will he be back?" "Soon as e's finished this 'ere war."



CROWNS · CORONETS · COVRTIERS



THE Royal Train! A few years ago the phrase occurring in a *Court Circular* would have been unquestionably feminine. The names of the envied train-bearers would have glittered on the page. But the war gives a new significance to terms, and the Court newsman hardly knows himself in a saloon speeding away

from Windsor, or shunted in some most derelict neighbourhood of a town or dock or factory their Majesties are inspecting. The Royal Train, new fashion, is reported to be borne less heroically by Gentlemen and Ladies in Waiting than by the King and Queen themselves. Their Majesties have taken to the simplicities and deprivations of this caravanning on a swift scale with a zest which the votaries of the caravan proper in lovely and self-selected localities could not excel. As somebody succinctly said of this phase of the life of their Majesties—it goes upon wheels!

Walks Abroad.

Pedestrianism is perforce in fashion. With the passing of the car and the



NURSING IN FRANCE:
THE HON. URSULA LAWLEY.

Miss Ursula Lawley is the daughter of the Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley. She is a Maid of Honour to the Queen, and, with her sister, is nursing at the 14th General Hospital, in France.

Photograph by Swaine.

carriage for private purposes has come the discovery that for locomotion there's nothing like leather. The simple employer of feet of quite another measure who wrote—

When'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see—

would now have to alter his company—how many rich I see. Not merely in and about Bond Street do the "carriage folk" of other days now flit on foot. They are out on longer expeditions; and Lord Ribblesdale, for one, may be met with early on fine mornings taking his stretch before breakfast from the Marble Arch to Hampstead.

Karl the Penman. Prince Sixte of Bourbon has his chief celebrity as the recipient of a famous letter from his brother-in-law, the Emperor Karl of Austria. But he has long had a minor reputation as a

man of sound sense and sober judgment. Though Paris is his earthly Paradise, he has paid more than one visit to London in the past, making firm friends; and even his own family circle has supplied him with a public—his sisters and brothers numbering eighteen. His sister Zita was given in

baptism the name of the only maid-servant who has been added to the Roman Calendar. Prince Sixte is the nearest contemporary of the Emperor in all the crowd of his "in-laws," only a few months dividing the dates of their births.

General and Particular.

The pronunciation of General Foch's surname seems to puzzle even Members of the House of Commons. It is as if spelt Fosh in

English, and Foche in French. Frankly, it rhymes with Boche, as the poetasters will no doubt presently make us aware. As to this pronunciation there is an international agreement at the Front among all the Allies. Quebec, where certain French-Canadians make French Anti-Clericalism a ground for their refusal to be conscripted, ought to be made aware that General Foch delighted the Faithful when he was lately in Rome by having a Mass said all for himself in the crypt of St. Peter's. When Clemenceau first discovered Foch, and made him, before the war, head of an important military college, the future Commander-in-Chief hesitated and said, "But you don't know my religious convictions!" "They don't interest me," dryly remarked the Minister.

The Sex in Sussex.

Viscountess Wolseley has taken Masses Place, near Hayward's Heath, for the purposes of an Agricultural College for women desiring to work on the land. This will be an extension and variation of the course given with so much success for years past to the girl gardeners of Glynde. Gardeners were good enough for times of peace; but there are other more useful crops and stocks to be negotiated to-day, and poultry and pigs and goats will populate the grounds of the Elizabethan manor-house. Viscountess Wolseley is still true to Sussex—the county of many feminine enterprises. Findon and Storrington are the first villages in which a voluntary Woman's Council has been formed; and it was at Littlehampton that Lady Constance Lytton was converted to the Votes for Women movement which she has lived to see crowned with almost uncovenanted success.

War to the Palette.

There is really no escaping the war, as the case of Mr. Sargent has rather poignantly and persistently proved. In the early days of the fighting he left Tite Street for peaceful Italy—till Italy, too, became a combatant. Then he and his palettes went to the U.S., and they too became our Allies—just U.S. With no brother and no sons of his own, the great painter seemed immune from

at least the griefs of intimate loss, till the news came to him that his favourite niece, Rose André-Michel, had been killed in Paris by the long-range gun. Most of her life of twenty-four years had been spent in Chelsea; her marriage took her to France; but she was already a widow, her husband having fallen early in the war. Mr. Sargent remains in the United States, where he has his best distraction in work that is rather specially to his mind.



A NEW PORTRAIT:
LADY WINIFRED PENNOYER.

Lady Winifred Pennoyer was the widow of Captain Viscount Ingestre, M.V.O., and, in 1917, married Mr. Richard Edmonds Pennoyer, U.S.A. Embassy in London.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A NEW PORTRAIT: THE COUNTESS OF CHICHESTER.

We have pleasure in giving a new and beautiful portrait of the Countess of Chichester. Lady Chichester, who has two sons and two daughters, was, before her marriage, Miss Ruth Buxton, daughter of the late Mr. Francis William Buxton, seventh son of the second Baronet. Her eldest son is Lord Pelham, and was born in 1905.

Photograph by Vandyk.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF A WELL-KNOWN LADY:
BARONESS D'ERLANGER.

Baroness d'Erlanger is the wife of Baron Emile Beaumont d'Erlanger, of 139, Piccadilly, senior partner in the well-known house of Erlangers, Paris. The Baroness was Mlle. Marie Rosa Antoinette Catherine de Robert d'Aqueria de Rochegude.

From the Colour-Print Portrait by John Copperfield.



AN INTERESTING PORTRAIT: MRS. LUCIEN IRVING THOMAS.

Mrs. Lucien Thomas is the only daughter of Major Donald Mackenzie, of Aberdeenshire, and is the wife of Mr. Lucien Irving Thomas, a director of the Standard Oil Company, now in England as a representative of the United States Shipping Board.

Photograph by Yevonde.

A BRIDE OF TO-MORROW—WITH A FRIEND.



WEDDING A D.S.O. AND BROTHER OF THE EARL OF GRANARD: MISS DOREEN LAWSON.

Miss Mary Doreen Lawson is the daughter of the late Andrew Lawson, of Aldborough Manor, Yorkshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, of 78, South Audley Street, London. Major the Hon. Donald Alexander Forbes, M.V.O., D.S.O., of the Royal Horse Artillery, is a son of the seventh Earl of Granard, K.P., who died in 1889. Major Forbes is the eldest brother of the present Earl of Granard, and was born in 1880. He

served in the South African War in 1900 and 1901, and wears the Queen's Medal, with five clasps. He has been at the Front all through the present war, during which—while with the Dardanelles Expedition—he won his D.S.O., with mention (twice) in despatches. In the January 1910 General Election he stood for Parliament, contesting—unsuccessfully—West Marylebone.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

SMALL TALK



NOT for nothing has the Queen earned the reputation of being a whole-hearted admirer of women's work in war-time. It is equally true that she has a passion for doing thoroughly anything she undertakes. When her Majesty assumed command of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps its members were naturally delighted at the honour thus conferred. If the statement that the Queen has been measured for a uniform should prove to be true, it would only be just one more instance of her genius for completely identifying herself with the interests of any organisation in which she consents to take part.

Rivals. Carry on! Carry on!
For the men and boys are gone;
But the furrows shan't lie fallow
While the women carry on.

Thus Miss Janet Begbie, the youthful daughter of a well-known father, in the columns of the *Landswoman*, calls to the women of England to "do their bit" and save the country's food. "Thirty thousand English women now

can save the hopes of spring," pipes her father, whose poem, "The Bread of Victory," synchronises with the appearance of his

MARRIED ON APRIL 20:
MISS PARSONS (MRS.
RODERICK MITCHELL.)

Miss Iris Parsons, whose marriage to Captain Roderick McLeod Mitchell took place on Saturday, is the daughter of Mrs. Parsons, of Draycott Place, Chelsea, S.W.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

daughter's patriotic effort. For a father and daughter to publish poems on the same subject, for the same cause, at the same time, must, I imagine, constitute something of a literary record. It would be interesting if some enthusiastic statistician could show which produced the greater number of recruits. Personally, I am inclined to back Miss Begbie—who, by the way, is a member of the W.A.A.C., by whom she has been lent to act as assistant-editor to the publication in which her poem appears.

A Peer's Disappearance. A good many people in the West Country were interested in the story of the disappearance and death of Lord de Mauley, who was well known in the Vale of White Horse country. Lord de Mauley, a life-long bache'or, was somewhat eccentric in manner, and might have stepped right out of a Surtees story. He used to be known as the Wandering Jew, on account of his fondness for walking.

But he also took an interest in the hunt of his district, and his far from dandified figure was familiar at puppy shows, hunt luncheons, and functions of that kind. He was in most ways an entire contrast to his brother and heir, Rev. the Hon. Maurice Ponsonby, now Vicar of Wantage, but who was for many years the leading figure in the religious life of the great railway town of Swindon. De Mauley is a very old title, but the creation is a quite recent one, dating from the second year of the late Queen Victoria's reign. The Ponsonbys are a branch of the Bessborough family.

Imperial Family Secrets. Prince Sixte of Bourbon has been placed in a rather awkward position through the publication of the now famous letter from his brother-in-law, the Emperor Charles. Prince Sixte is one of those "cousins of Europe" who, being related to all sorts

of people and yet without official status, are always found acting as go-betweens behind the scenes. The letter he had from his sister's husband was confidential, and would never have been heard of but for Count Czernin's "lie." One wonders exactly what will be said when husband, wife, and brother-in-law meet once more. Prince Sixte derives from the French Bourbons. All the Bourbons still claim to be French, though the blood is now running in many strange channels—Belgian, Spanish, and German. It is rather extraordinary to think that this family, which now spreads all over Europe, originated in one of the smallest and most insignificant of States, long absorbed in France. But for the accident of the marriage of Henry the Fourth's father with Jeanne d'Albret, the Bourbons might now be petty gentlemen in the Pyrenees provinces.

Reform in the Air. So Sir Hugh Trenchard, known also as "Boom," has followed Lord Jellicoe and Sir William Robertson as a victim to "principle." If all that was said of him

on his appointment was true, it seems a sad pity that he and Lord Rothermere have failed to hit it on certain points. Lord Rothermere yields to no one in his admiration of Sir Hugh's qualities, but—the usual "but." Perhaps it would be better if there were more dissembling of love, or less kicking downstairs.

An Unfortunate Black Potentate.

A melancholy interest attaches to the letters and sayings of the Matabele King Lobengula, quoted in the case before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council concerning the ownership of 114,000 acres of land in South Africa. The black monarch was a shrewd man in his way, and exhibits himself in the light of a natural diplomatist; in some instances he could not have been more insincere if he had been trained on the best Wilhelmstrasse model. In her recently published book Princess Radziwill states—I know not whether the story is true—that after the death of Lobengula Cecil Rhodes took his son and made him a gardener at Groote Schuur. He used sometimes to ask the unfortunate black in the presence of guests, "Let's see? When was it I killed your father?"

The Last of Bolo. If we have not seen the last of Boloism, we have seen the last of Bolo. Those who looked on the whole affair as a joke—and Bolo himself seemed to be among the number for some time—must have had rather a shock when the news of the execution came through. I shall not be surprised if there are a good many further developments as the result of his last disclosures. Bolo was an unusually fine specimen of the adventurer of the modern type, only possible in our cosmopolitan plutocratic society. He had seen the inside of a prison more than once, but he had also seen the inside of the most exclusive dining-rooms. Such a man was an ideal instrument of German intrigue, and Bolo was very nearly bringing off a great coup of corruption. Fortunately, he over-reached himself.

TO MARRY: MISS HEATHER ELLIOT.

Miss Elliot, whose engagement to Mr. George K. Thompson, M.C., Irish Guards, elder son of Mr. C. W. Thompson, F.R.C.S., is announced, is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. W. Elliot, D.S.O., Manson Place, S.W.

Photograph by Bassano.



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS DORIS CHICHELEY PLOWDEN.

Miss Doris E. R. Chicheley Plowden, whose engagement to Captain Richard Gournay Ferrier, Norfolk Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ferrier, of Hemsby, is announced, is the youngest child of the late Major-General George Chicheley Plowden, B.S.C., and Mrs. C. Norton Wood, of Hurlingham Court.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



ENGAGED: MAJOR-GEN. STRICKLAND.

The engagement of Major-General E. P. Strickland, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Norfolk Regiment, to Mrs. Cresswell, widow of Captain F. J. Cresswell, Norfolk Regiment, has been announced. The General has a distinguished record.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED: MRS. F. J. CRESSWELL.

Mrs. Barbara Cresswell, whose engagement to Major-General E. P. Strickland, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Norfolk Regiment, is announced, is the widow of Captain F. J. Cresswell, of the same regiment.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil

AT THE AMBASSADORS' : THE MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE.



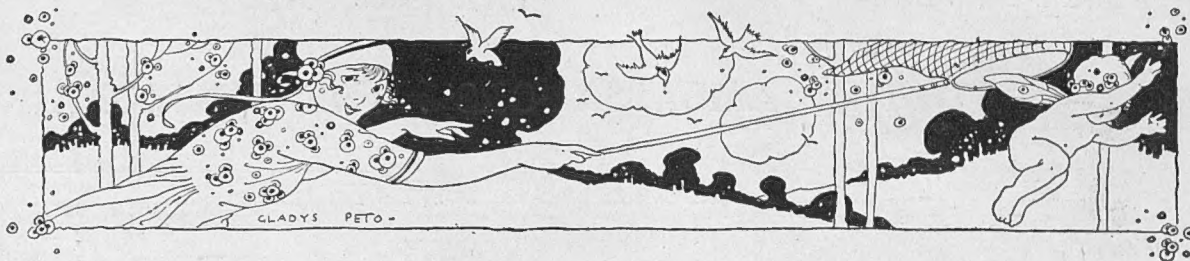
ANNABEL BROADLEY, HEROINE OF A ZANGWILL FARCE : MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY IN "TOO MUCH MONEY."

Miss Lillah McCarthy, who has in her successful career played many parts, the record of which is as lengthy as the Homeric catalogue of ships, has shown over and over again that she is nothing if not versatile. Gifted with many-sided talent and a beautiful and imposing presence, she invariably wins success. In Mr. Israel Zangwill's "farce" with

the fascinating title "Too Much Money," Miss McCarthy, as the brilliant, and then businesslike, wife of a millionaire, who, for a time, pretends that he is ruined, has opportunities of dressing beautifully, and simply, but remains in either guise a picturesque figure whether she is living in the lap of luxury or in lodgings in Poplar.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON



FOR MEN MUST WAR AND WOMEN MUST SWEEP!

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

AT Hampton I saw two "sweeperesses," or women street-sweepers, as the purist would have it—there are some among my readers who might object to a foreigner taking liberties with your language!

I wasn't surprised; there's nothing surprising in seeing women handling brooms, is there? But as the khaki one at my side lifted an eyebrow and said: "More signs of the time!" I thought I'd just tell you about the sweeperesses.

There was nothing unfeminine about them; indeed, they were, at the moment, having a little flirtation with a polite policeman! Neither was there any obvious witchery about them, except the aforesaid broom! It was all very natural, if unusual, and methought that, not only would the streets be cleaner, but also gayer, if the sweeping thereof were done, instead of by ragged patriarchs, by squads of booted and breeched, mud-guard maidens hatted with the Westminster scavenger felt, which some years ago excited such a discussion! Oh, topics of pre-war polemics!

But apropos of outdoor cleanliness, what was a much more signal sign of the time was the neatly helmeted and belted police-woman I saw the other evening pacing up and down an alley in the



"One o'clock in the morning."

part of Kensington Gardens that is being transformed into a kitchen garden. She looked both determined and decorative, and made me mentally regret that Paris does not yet have its "*sergottes*," feminine of "*sergot*," which is slang for *sergent de ville*, or guardian of the peace (sounds funny these days!), which is French for "copper," or "bobby," or "blue-bottle," which—but I trust you know your own slang! This little digression on *sergots* reminds me that I received, after the Paris bombardments, a most amusing cutting on the *sergots* and their accomplishments. What have I done with that cutting, now? Oh, yes, *voilà*, it is really worth translating it for your benefit. It comes from the *Journal*—

"THE ALARM BY DRUM.

"Paris has had yesterday morning a great 'first night'—of the war: the drum alarm. As we all know, it had been arranged that a special warning would be given for aerial bombardment. There is the Warning No. 1, which is a dumb one—a mere *garde à vous*; the Warning No. 2, or the song of the siren; and, lastly, the Warning No. 3, announcing, after the explosion of the long-reach *obus*, that Paris is bombarded. The drum alone is used for this, and the guardians of the peace have been entrusted with Alarm No. 3. *Paris was awaiting impatiently this new spectacle* (the italics are mine, and tastes differ in the choice of shows). "At the first gleams of dawn the Parisians, who had slept little—for the siren (whistle) had burst into song at one o'clock in the morning—the Parisians rubbed their eyes and jumped out of bed—not to miss Alarm No. 3. *The waiting seemed long*" (my italics again; my countrymen must really be an impatient people!). "The Boches did not seem to make their mind to start their 2.40. It is only at ten to seven that the first *boum* was

heard" (better never than late!) "that *boum* was welcomed with joy" (oh, the perversity of these Parisians!) "At last one was going to see the guardians of the peace playing the drum!"

"A few minutes later, a bizarre sound ascended from the streets. Just when the remembrance of Bara, the heroic drummer-lad, filled one's mind, and that one was expecting an impetuous, energetic, martial, nay tragic call, one heard a something strange, a parody of *tambour de basque*, a faint and hesitating tam-tam, evocating the dance in pseudo-Turkish cafés, the *fandango*, and the procession of the *Tarasque*" (a fabulous monster the cardboard effigy of which figures in the fairs of the South of France). "Our *sergots* are good fellows, but most of them do not know how to beat the drum! The strap had been put round their neck, the sticks placed in their hands, and they had been told: 'Now, go and give warning of the bombardment; beat the drum as you please.'

"Never had Paris felt so amused since the war began. Street Arabs, dancing gaily, escorted the sorry *sergots*, who, conscious of looking ridiculous, were pulling long faces while beating feebly. At last they reached the police-station and declared forcibly that never again would they lend themselves to such a farce. They were quite touchy about it. As for the citizens, while listening to the noise of the drum, they had forgotten all about the *obus* which, besides, had caused little emotion—and public life went on as usual."

Funny? Well, I thought it was!

Women officials in uniform become ever more numerous. We are quite accustomed to Red Cross, Green Cross, V.A.D.s, canteen-workers, Waacs, and Flying Corps; but some of the costumes are less known to the man-in-the-street. I saw what I thought was a she-Admiral in the West End the other day. Cocked hat, navy-blue uniform, and any amount of bright braid on the coat-sleeve. But it was only a Wren officer. . . .

The Wren motor-driver girls, by the way, wear a dress which, when they are driving, is almost indistinguishable from that of a V.A.D.

Apropos of war-workers, a certain village I know owns a coaching establishment, which supplies all the transport to the main-line station $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. The proprietor has *twelve horses*, and a heterogeneous collection of vehicles, including a pair-horse 'bus, a big brake, single wagonettes, pony-carts, and even a quite *chic* victoria. For the past two years his *grooms* have been two girls, Violet and Queenie. They have entire charge of the horses, and "do" road-work in all weathers. Violet, the other evening, brought up the big pair-horse brake with sixteen passengers in it, past all sorts of military steam and petrol obstructions, along the winding, hilly road. To see the two, in boots, breeches, and belted, cotton coats, hitching the horses to the 'bus in the early morning hours makes you appreciate the grit of modern girls. They took up the work on leaving school, during the war, and both are still in their 'teens. Violet, taking me down to the station in the seclusion of the governess-cart, asked me which colony I advised her to emigrate to after the war. "For, you see," she said, "I've not been able to go on with my education—it seems to me there is more chance to get on if you go abroad . . . besides, I want to see the world."



"There's nothing surprising in women handling brooms."



"A foreigner."

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VERY POPULAR IN SOCIETY: A BRIDE-ELECT.



A GOD-DAUGHTER OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA TO BE MARRIED: MISS ALEXANDRA JAMES.

One of the inevitable difficulties of war-time, especially at the moment, is the fulfilment of plans which have been confidently arranged. The risk of taking long views makes such a course full of uncertainty, and a case in point is that of the lady whose portrait we give. It was announced on April 16 that the marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Fawcus, M.C., and Miss Alexandra James, daughter of Mrs. Brinton;

of 38, Bryanston Square, and the late Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester, which had been arranged to take place on that day at St. Margaret's Westminster, had been postponed, the bridegroom not having returned from the Front. At the time of writing the date of the marriage is still unsettled. Miss James is a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

BELOW THE AGE LIMIT AND WELL TO THE



TO APPEAR WITH MR. NELSON KEYS IN "VERY GOOD, EDDIE":
MISS MADGE SAUNDERS.



NOW PLAYING JOAN IN "YES, UNCLE!" AT
THE PRINCE'S THEATRE: MISS MAIDIE ANDREWS.



IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT":
MISS EILEEN DARTON.



A FAMOUS VARIETY ARTIST:
MISS VESTA TILLEY.



RECENTLY DEPUTISING FOR MISS BLANCHE TOMLIN
IN "FLORA": MISS HELEN BELTRAMO.

Concerning two or three of the above photographs, a few additional notes may be of interest to our readers. Miss Vesta Tilley, it may be recalled, is one of the many members of the profession who have been untiring in their efforts on behalf of the boys at the Front and those who come home wounded. She has sent a hundred gramophones for use in the trenches, while for the disabled, besides often giving her services to entertain them,

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, Berram Park, Charlott

THE FRONT: A GROUP OF STAGE FAVOURITES.



WELL KNOWN IN NEW YORK AND LONDON:
MISS MARIE DORO.



IN "THE BOY," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS KITTY
SEXTON.



A PROMISING NOVICE FROM THE ACADEMY
OF DRAMATIC ART: MISS MCCARTHY.

she has provided £400 for a "Vesta Tilley" flat under the War Seal Foundation.—The occasion of Miss Helen Beltramo's recently undertaking Miss Blanche Tomlin's part in "Flora" was the sad death of the latter's husband.—Miss McCarthy made a successful appearance recently as Helena in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the annual performance by the Academy of Dramatic Art at Wyndham's Theatre.

Fairchild (New York), Malcolm Arbuthnot, Bassano, and Vandyk.

STAGE BEAUTY TURNED HUMOURIST: IN "BOX O' TRICKS."



ACTING AND SINGING IN A NEW STYLE: MISS CICELY DEBENHAM IN "BOX O' TRICKS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

Hitherto Miss Cicely Debenham has usually represented beauty and sentiment in her acting and songs, but in "Box o' Tricks," at the Hippodrome, she has come out in a more humorous vein, as one of our photographs indicates. She appears in various characters—Double Bass in "A Ladies' Orchestra," "The Nightmare" in a scene so named, The Sergeant in

"Windsor Park," an amusing scene with Miss Daphne Pollard, one of the Two Girls in "Ship Ahoy," and The Fishpond Lady in "A Charity Bazaar." Her solo songs are "Nightmare" and "Rations," and she also joins in a trio called "The Transatlantic Blue," with Miss Dorothy Jay and Mr. Fred Allandale.—[Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

HEROINE OF A MUSICAL COMEDY AU GRATTAN: "FLORA."



PLAYING THE TITLE-PART IN "FLORA," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Miss Gertie Millar plays and sings with her usual charm in the title-rôle of "Flora," in which Mr. Harry Grattan, as a change from *revue intime*, has essayed the art of musical comedy. Flora is one of the daughters of a rich *parvenu* bent on marrying them into the Peerage. Her sister nets

an earl, but, through temporary lack of funds, her father cannot find the requisite dowry, so he accepts the offer of a certain gardener, who has come into a fortune, to provide the money on condition of being allowed to court Flora. She, however, has other ideas.—[Photographs by Rida Martin.]

MAKE-UP THAT BLENDS WITH SCENERY: "LE COQ D'OR."



RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF'S LAST OPERA-BALLET AS REVIVED IN NEW YORK: (1) A SCENE FROM "LE COQ D'OR"; (2) MR. MARSHALL HALL AS THE PRINCE; (3) Mlle. ROSINA NALLI AS THE PRINCESS.

"Le Coq d'Or," an opera-ballet to a story of Pushkin's, was the last work of the famous Russian composer, Rimsky-Korsakoff, who died before its production. Its first performance in England took place at Drury Lane, in June 1914, with scenery and dresses designed by Mlle. Nathalie Gontcharova, photographs of which appeared in "The Sketch"

of June 10 and July 1 in that year. Make-up and costumes formed an integral part of the scheme of decoration and scenery. It is interesting to compare them with those in the recent production, here illustrated, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Mlle. Rosina Nalli is the *première danseuse* there.—[Photographs by Count J. de Strélecki.]



TOPICS OF THE TIME

YOU and I were interested to read that Charlie Chaplin is a Spaniard.

Dear Carlos, they have raised the lid that held the secret of your birth, Sir; and lo! it was in Old Madrid, and not Old Ford, you came to earth, Sir!

And you and I are further interested to learn that "Charlie" has waived his rights to exemption and will probably be called in June—for the American Army. So says a telegram from Los Angeles.

Local Boards of alien-overflowed riverside and country resorts may say what they like, in and out of the papers, about there being "no such thing," but they can't be everywhere at once, and, if they stamp down the truth here, it escapes into the light there! Lately it has been escaping into the light through the police-courts. Scores of aliens—many of them with unmistakable German names, unless Funckstein is pure Dundee—have been prosecuted in one week for committing season-ticket swindles between Paddington and Windsor, or for removing to riverside houses without previously giving notice to the police of their change of address. Landlords and land-agents are letting "charming English residences" to the Funcksteins every day, and it will soon be quite impossible for an Englishman to get one of these for his own family unless he adopts a German name and accent or swears he is a Russian Jew.

Would you like to hear, Dear Lady of the Lovely Long-Ago, of that garden cool and shady where the waters run below? I have seen it from the river, and upon the lawn we knew (you'll excuse me if I shiver!) sprawls a sallow Russian Jew! There are weeping willows keeping up their weeping as of yore, though I never saw them weeping such a pool of tears before!

On the seat we made together from the fallen guelder tree sits a dame of yellow leather with some work upon her knee. Are they dainty things in making for a sweet domestic end? No; she's sitting there and "faking" an "exemption" for a friend! There are weeping willows keeping up their weeping as of yore, though I never saw them weeping such a pool of tears before!

There's a sound of childish laughter heard behind the garden wall, where a dog, perchance, bounds after little Petro's cricket-ball? 'Tis no tale of bats and wickets—'tis no tale of hits and runs! They are forging railway tickets for their father's elder sons! There are weeping willows keeping up their weeping as of yore, though I never saw them weeping such a pool of tears before!

Have you seen and duly considered the very latest thing in newspaper theatrical advertisements? It takes the form of a heart-to-heart letter from a gallery girl to the heroine of the play; and I'll quote these few words from it, just to show that the English

drama is still enjoyed by its lady patrons from a thoroughly intelligent view-point: "I'm coming again, for I certainly admire those beautiful frocks of — and Miss —."

"Well, Emmy, did you like the play?" "Not 'arf I did," the girl replied. "'Cos why? Well, that ain't 'ard to say, or difficult to write beside! For look, I've written to the gal what dresses as the leading part—a letter as from pal to pal, and written-like from 'eart to 'eart."

"'Dear Bet,' I says—you see it 'ere, as large as life and plain as plain—a line to let you know, my dear, I'm coming to your play again. The dress was fine, the 'at was sweet, the shoes and stockings proper chose. The public's got a first-class treat from end to end!—THE GIRL WHAT KNOWS."

Mr. Prothero tells us that in one of the big agricultural counties "the best ploughman was a soldier who three years ago was a hairdresser."

That ploughman, Mr. Prothero, I seem to know. In business near some village inn he mowed my chin. Moreover, it was surely there he ploughed my hair! Oh, yes, dear Mr. Prothero—that man I know!

In the "fashionable" columns of a daily paper it is pointed out that no fewer than five Daphnes were among the previous week's "notable" brides. I have been looking up Daphne in my "Classical Dictionary" to ascertain whether that young lady was specially susceptible to the arts of Cupid, and I have discovered—or should I not rather say I have been reminded?—that she was a very shy girl indeed, and one who would have made probably the most unsatisfactory bride in all the world. Listen.

There used to be a Daphne long ago whose beauty was the passion of Apollo. She wasn't much enamoured of him though, and looked behind to see he didn't follow. (Apollo was the son, I understand, of Jupiter, a veritable wonder, who held a cypress sceptre in one hand, and in the other gripped a bunch of thunder.)

This Daphne little enterprise possessed; upon Apollo's suit she didn't soon beam. In point of fact, Mythologies suggest an Ella Wheeler Wilcox sort of Moonbeam. She disagreed with all Apollo did to woo her, being singularly moral, and got her friends to hide her (silly kid!) by changing her from flesh and blood to laurel!

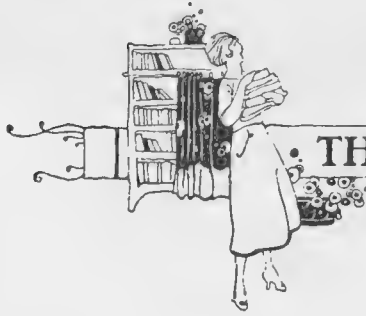
If ever I should come my suit to push with some angelic Daphne of Belgravia, I hope she'll not become a laurel bush—I disapprove of such absurd behaviour! To woo within a shrubbery's immense—'tis quite a favourite rendezvous of Cupid. But flirting with the stuff—well, where's the sense? I'm certain I should find it very stupid!

A. B. M.



YOUNG AIRMEN FROM THE VELDT: A GROUP OF BRITISH AND BOER IMPERIAL FLYING BOYS.

In the photograph are seen Royal Flying Corps Cadets, all recruited in South Africa. The lads comprise both British born and Boers. All wear the distinctive white cadet cap-band and the regulation air-service uniform.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.



WHILE we are simplifying life in other directions, I wonder no movement gets afoot for putting all the different trades and professions into distinctive uniforms. It would do away with misunderstandings, and save us from a lot of vexation of spirit.

In her entertaining travels and recollections, "Notes of a Nomad," Lady Jephson owns that she followed Browning's footsteps in Italy and idealised him, but "when at last I beheld him in the flesh a cold chill of disappointment seized me. Browning was, in truth, as little like the ideal poet in appearance as any man could possibly be." He was, she says, "commonplace-looking, a small, neat, well-dressed man, with a trim, pointed beard, and no affectations of long hair and cowboy hats." On the other hand, Tennyson "absolutely satisfied my preconceived and romantic notions of what a poet should look like. His hair was long, he wore a Velasquez hat, and a wide mantle of sable hue." It is easier to look like a poet than to be one, and when all poets cut their hair and beards to a standard pattern and wear uniforms, like the policemen, there can be none of these disappointments.

The Church has set us a good example in this respect. In uniform, one parson doesn't look any better than another. They have to be at least Rural Deans before they are allowed to dazzle us in gaiters, and Bishops before they can go in for anything really showy. It is all very well for Mrs. Wemyss, in her "Impossible People," to call it "a profession plainly intended to provide poor incomes for those who had none." Some of the incomes are not so bad, and her own parson—the simple, lovable, oddly unconventional John Templar—has a private one of his own. This is a novel to read for the joy of reading, and none of its characters are so nearly impossible as parts of its plot. Our strictly realistic novelists might do well to consider the case of poor Willing. He writes stories for popular papers, and, having no imagination, practises on real persons to see how they behave in unusual circumstances, and is baulked by finding that, as a fact, their conduct is rarely "true to nature." He wants to ascertain, for instance, how a woman would act if she were suddenly told that her fiancé is already married. So he springs this false statement on his sister's cook, who has just become engaged to the turncock, and, instead of fainting, she placidly remarks, "I had my doubts," and contentedly takes a parlourmaid to the "Zoo" with the tickets Willing had given her when breaking the news.

The humble, seedy Mr. Claypon, of "Dream Child Come True," is the real poor parson, but, except for the plain, practical daughter, Mary, his family play only minor parts in the story of the childless Alice Bosanquet and her adopted children—a story whose humour and pathos will charm all child-lovers. "Glass Houses" gives us the Rev. Harry Crewe, poor again, but aggressively outspoken. He antagonises his flock by telling them unpleasant truths about themselves from the pulpit, and devotes himself so entirely to making them go right that he lets his own love-affair go wrong, and is largely responsible for one of the best of his parishioners, Gwen Adeane, marrying one of the worst.



A PRETTY PLAYER AT THE PRINCES THEATRE:
MISS DOROTHY KING.

The beauty chorus in "Yes, Uncle!" has been very popular from the first night, and is still in high favour now that Messrs. Austen Hurgon and George Arthur's musical comedy is filling the Princes Theatre night after night. Miss Dorothy King is one of the attractive members of that feature of the production.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

For an institution that has fallen into public disfavour, the Church is surprisingly popular in recent fiction. There are parsons again in "Mis. Bente"—three of them, drawn very cleverly and with the slyest of sly humour. Two are delightfully human; the third, Gervase Bente, is as saintly as a man with such a Christian name ought to be. They are hard workers in an East End Settlement. Gervase is such a selfless enthusiast that, ordinary methods failing, he makes the rash experiment of marrying a girl from the streets in the hope of so ensuring her salvation. With her prettiness and superior manners and pretence of repentance she cunningly played on his sympathies, but as a parson's wife in a country parish she is soon bored and breaks down, and the result of the experiment

is a strong and ably handled drama that narrowly escapes ending in tragedy.

One of the pleasant things about Sir F. E. Smith's "My American Visit" is its freedom from affectation. He went to America as a sort of extra special British Ambassador, but evidently carried out all his business there like a very natural, human man, and he writes about it in the same genial spirit. He assumed no pose, but in the intervals of State affairs enjoyed himself at dinners or theatres, and did some skating, and he records everything frankly and in the happiest gossiping fashion. Touching on the strict Prohibition enforced in certain States, he says, "No alcohol



A PRETTY PLAYER AT THE PRINCES THEATRE:
MISS CHERRY CONSTANT.

The success of Messrs. Austen Hurgon and George Arthur's merry musical comedy, "Yes, Uncle!" continues at the Princes Theatre, and one of the popular features is the beauty chorus, a member of which is pretty Miss Cherry Constant, who is only seventeen, and was not long ago the "baby" of the "Gaiety" before the old Gaiety company moved to Shaftesbury Avenue.—[Photograph by Bertram Park.]

was served with the meal—an omission, often repeated, to which my secretaries never became reconciled." The full report of his speech to the Bar Association should dispose of the absurd rumours that he offended the Americans by pouring cold water on President Wilson's League of Nations proposal. He helps you to realise how whole-heartedly America is in the war with us, and that the warmth of good feeling towards this country is far greater now than when George Washington Doane wrote of "The Wedded Flags," in 1858, on the completion of the Atlantic cable—

Was ever sign so beautiful
Hung from the heavens abroad?
Old England, young America
For freedom and for God.

And as, at the moment, we are out against pretence, I won't pretend I had heard of that poem till I read it this morning in the large and handsome "Book of New York Verse" which Putnams have just published—an excellent anthology of poems on New York past and present.

BOOKS TO READ.

Notes of a Nomad. By Lady Jephson. (Hutchinson.)
Impossible People. By Mrs. George Wemyss. (Constable.)
Dream Child Come True. By Marjory Royce. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Glass Houses. By Wilson Macnair. (Chatto and Windus.)
Mrs. Bente. By C. E. Lawrence. (Collins.)
My American Visit. By Sir F. E. Smith. (Hutchinson.)
The Book of New York Verse. Edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. Over 60 illustrations. (Putnams.)
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WELL-KNOWN M.P. ON "PELMANISM."

83 Admirals and Generals now Enrolled.

75 ENROLMENTS IN ONE FIRM!

"PELMANISM" continues its extraordinary progress amongst all classes and sections of the community.

Scarcely a day passes without a tribute of praise being received from a new quarter. To the many notable endorsements of the System which have been already published there is now added an important pronouncement by a well-known M.P.—Sir James Yoxall, whose eminence, both as an educationist and as a Parliamentarian, gives additional weight to his carefully considered opinion.

"The more I think about it," says Sir James Yoxall, "the more I feel that Pelmanism is the name of something much required by myriads of people to-day."

He also remarks: "It delighted me to discover that the Pelman Institute works along lines which, at a hundred public meetings on education, I have ventured to lay down. . . . I suspected Pelmanism; when it began to be heard of I thought it was quackery. Now I wish I had taken it up when I heard of it first."

This is very plain speaking; but plain speech is the keynote of the entire article. Thus one of the greatest national authorities upon the subject of education adds his valuable and independent testimony to that of the many distinguished men and women who have expressed their enthusiasm for the new movement.

83 Admirals and Generals are now Pelmanists; and all ranks of the Navy and Army are still enrolling in ever-increasing numbers. Members of the legal and medical professions are also displaying a quickened interest in the System—indeed, every Professional class and every grade of business men and women are enrolling in increasingly large numbers.

Several prominent firms have paid for the enrolment of eight, ten, or a dozen members of their staffs, and one well-known house has just arranged for the enrolment of 75 of the staff.

Over 200 officers and men in one camp have just enrolled upon the advice of the Commandant of the camp. Regimental officers are frequently addressed upon the subject of Pelmanism by the C.O. and urged to enrol forthwith.

With such facts before him, every reader of *Sketch* should make a point of writing for a copy (sent gratis and post free) of "Mind and Memory," in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained, together with a special supplement dealing with "Pelmanism as an Intellectual and Social Factor," and a full reprint of *Truth's* remarkable Report on the work of the Pelman Institute.

Applications for these publications should be made at once, by postcard, to address below

A DOCTOR'S REMARKABLE ADMISSION.

Impressive evidence of the enormous extent to which the "little grey books" have now entered into our national life and work continues to pour in from all quarters and from all classes.

Within the past few weeks several M.P.'s, many members of the aristocracy, and two Royal personages, as well as a very large number of officers in H.M. Navy and Army, have added their names to the Pelman registers.

One of the most interesting letters received lately comes from a lady in the Midlands, in the course of which she says that, being

55 YEARS OF AGE.

and being very delicate, she had her doubts as to whether she should take a Pelman course. She resolved to consult her son, a medical practitioner, who at first laughed at the idea, but promised to make inquiries. The outcome was a letter from him, in which the Doctor wrote—

"Pelmanism" has got hold of me. I have worked through the first lesson and . . . I am enthusiastic."

His experience tallies exactly with that of Sir James Yoxall, M.P., Mr. George R. Sims, and a host of other professional men (doctors, solicitors, barristers, etc.), who have admitted that their initial scepticism was quickly changed into enthusiasm.

EASILY FOLLOWED BY POST.

"Pelmanism" is not an occult science; it is free from mysticism; it is as sound, as sober, and as practical as the most hard-headed "common-sense" business man could desire. And as to its results, they follow with the same certainty with which muscular development follows physical exercise.

It is nowhere pretended, and the inquirer is nowhere led to suppose, that the promised benefits are gained "magically," by learning certain formulae, or by the cursory reading of a printed book. The position is precisely the same, again, as with physical culture. No sane person expects to develop muscle by reading a book; he knows he must practise the physical exercises. Similarly the Pelmanist knows he must practise mental exercise.

"THE LITTLE GREY BOOKS."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches, sailors on fife in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained; "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote *TRUTH's* telling phrase.

If you do not know "the little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-Colonel.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many business men and women tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one in a hundred failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in

"getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I ever made."

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of *Sketch* to secure the complete course at one-third less than the usual fee.

To get the benefit of this liberal offer, application should be made at once by postcard to the address below.

INTERESTING LETTERS.

From a Director.

I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

From a Clerk.

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public knew your Course I am sure your offices would be literally besieged by prospective students.

From a Manager.

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn-spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

From a Bank Cashier.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision, and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

From a Textile Buyer.

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the PELMAN Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

From a Merchant.

I think it right that I should tell you what benefits I have derived from the study. The greatest benefit is a larger interest in life—keener appetite for business. It has awakened me to a fuller knowledge of myself, giving me more self-confidence, and making my powers of observation more exact.

IMMEDIATE BENEFITS.

"Benefit," says "Truth," "is derived from the very first, and this is the general experience of the vast majority of the students. Almost before they are aware of it the brain is being set methodically to work on the lines which will bring out its full capacity."

A NATIONAL ASSET.

It is difficult to speak of Pelmanism without enthusiasm. To say that the Pelman Institute is doing a great national work is no more than the bare truth. The movement is no passing craze, but is one which will endure and wax greater and still greater as its supreme value comes to be more and more understood and appreciated by the mass of the nation.

Pelmanism is a real national asset, and it possesses the further advantage of being a valuable personal asset for every man and woman who adopts it.

"Pelmanism" is fully explained and described in "Mind and Memory," which, with a copy of *TRUTH's* remarkable report on the work of the Pelman Institute, will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader of *SKETCH* who addresses The Pelman Institute, 41, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. 1.

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"BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN, SERGEANT!"



THE BUTLER (an ex-Sergeant-Major, announcing a late arrival at the *At Home*): Orderly Officer! 'SHUN!!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



LOSSES AND CASUALTIES: THE BALANCE OF AIR POWER AT THE FRONT. By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

IT has been stated by some of the war correspondents with the British Army in France that in the recent retreat over the old Somme battlefield our flying people have lost "a certain number of our advanced aerodromes," and that, "as a consequence, the balance of loss has been more equal than at the outset of the battle, when unquestionably we were very much on top." Also it is said that "we are a long way from having obtained what is called 'the command of the air.' That is to say, the enemy is still able to photograph our positions, etc.; but it is a fact that we can always do more."

Heavier German Losses. These statements seem to need a little explaining, because it may not be immediately evident why the loss of some aerodromes, which are now in the area held by the enemy, should alter materially the strength of the enemy's air force in relation to our own, especially when one totals up the relative losses as shown in the *communiqués*, and discovers that the British Air Force reports fewer machines "missing" than it reports enemy machines "destroyed" or driven down out of control.

Lost Aerodromes. The fact of the matter is, however, that losing an aerodrome means inevitably losing a certain number of aeroplanes. Long ago, before the war, it was laid down officially that any squadron ought to have one aeroplane in reserve for every one

few bullet-holes in his machine, or with a damaged engine, finds ready for his use on his next trip a repaired machine which has suffered similar minor damage on a previous trip. But when the enemy has collared his aerodrome, with all the machines under repair, and the repair-shops, spare parts, repair material, and so forth, there is nothing ready for him to fly. Moreover, he has no place to go, for the time being, and so he has to plant himself temporarily on a strange aerodrome. This means that, unless his machine is very little damaged and is very easily repaired, he is out of action till he can find the rest of his squadron, and can draw a new machine from the nearest Supply Depot.

Reassuring Considerations. Naturally, therefore, the loss of an aerodrome means putting quite a number of aviators temporarily out of action. The total loss is probably not so great nor so important as the correspondents'



DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: A BRITISH BATTLE-PLANE ABOUT TO START ON AN EXPEDITION—PILOT AND OBSERVER CONSULTING A MAP.—[Official Photograph.]



DURING THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE: MASCOTS OF A BRITISH BATTLE-PLANE SQUADRON.—[Official Photograph.]

in active use. The reason is that aero-engines—being run, as they practically are, at full power all the time they are in the air—are constantly in need of overhauling or of adjustment somewhere or other, to keep them up to power. Aeroplanes also are somewhat fragile things, and need frequent small repairs and adjustments. The result is that there is generally one machine under repair for each one in the air. Possibly many of those under repair are fit to fly, though their speed and climbing ability are not up to war requirements; but there are always a certain number which are quite unflyable. Naturally, therefore, when a big retreat occurs, as it did recently, the flyable aeroplanes are flown off to a safe place in the rear, but the rest have to be abandoned. One assumes that, when a retreat is seen to be unavoidable, the aeroplanes are burnt and the engines are smashed up before the aerodrome is abandoned, so that the enemy is no richer for what he finds there; but, at the same time, it is evident that our own people are considerably the poorer. In the ordinary way, the pilot who has been out over the enemy's lines and comes back with a

reports might lead one to believe. It seems, on their showing, to have been bad enough to upset in the air that "balance of power" which, in its national significance, used to seem so important to politicians in the past. At the same time, when one considers the immensely improved rate of output of aeroplanes and engines in these days, as compared with twelve—or even six—months ago, there seems no particular reason to be unduly disheartened. Nor, when one knows something of the great improvements which have been made during the last twelve months in the system of training pilots, does one feel anxious about the future command in the air. All will sympathise with the pilots at the front who have to do more than their fair share of air work owing to the temporary shortage; but the more the work the greater the glory, so that will probably console them somewhat. The shortage of machines ought soon to be made up; and the losses in pilots—either killed, wounded, or missing—are being far more than replaced by the vast numbers of new aviators who are being passed out as proficient day by day.

Our Air Casualties Light.

Actually the number of killed in the Flying Services is surprisingly small when compared with the number who would be killed in an infantry attack by a similar number of men. The number of wounded has increased lately owing to the amount of low flying that has been done in attacking the advancing hordes of Huns, and many of these casualties have been due to the cheerfully reckless way in which a single aviator will charge a whole battalion of infantry, for some of them can scarcely help hitting him. Very many of the flying casualties are simply caused by defective engines or slight mechanical damage letting a man down in enemy territory—which is why the proportion of R.F.C. prisoners is so high as compared with other branches of the Army.



Manifesto to Motorists

The War Aims

of the Automobile Association and Motor Union were defined in one brief sentence, part of a circular dated August, 1914:

"To assist the Government to the fullest extent of the Association's resources."

That assistance has been faithfully rendered, thanks to the loyal co-operation of the members. Anything and everything needed the A.A. did "to the fullest extent of its resources."

One thing the A.A. did not do, namely, cavil at Authority whenever motoring interests were likely to be disturbed by the exigencies of War.

The A.A. did better than that. It went on every occasion straight to the Authority concerned, discussed and argued every point, and, when it was clear that sacrifices must be made, when proper guarantees had been extracted that those sacrifices would be duly honoured and repealed after the War, the A.A. interpreted the wishes of all reasonable motorists, in that the needs of the country must come first.

The Authorities, generally speaking, met reason with due consideration. Thousands of members can testify that their just claims to petrol licences, submitted through the A.A. to the Petrol Committee, were recognised more fully than they might have been had the A.A. been aggressive, instead of patriotic.

When the Treasury deemed it expedient to divert the millions derived from Motor Taxation from Road Maintenance and Improvement to the all-important purposes of War, the A.A. at once made it clear to the Authorities that, with a return to Peace, all such moneys must be reapplied to the purpose for which the taxes were originally imposed.

The A.A. will see this done "to the fullest extent of the Association's resources."

These are but a few instances. Every matter affecting the reasonable motorist has been fought out quietly but thoroughly.

The "quietness" may not have pleased everybody. Reason and consideration may here and there have been mistaken for apathy. The Executive will, however, stand firmly by its programme, confident that the A.A.'s determination to assist and not to embarrass the Government during the War has the sympathy of every reasonable motorist.

A gravely depleted staff is "carrying on." No complaint has been received from any member of inattention to a single one of the innumerable calls on the Association's resources, no matter how vital or how trivial the subject matter of such call.

The A.A. is first and last a Fighting Organisation. It was born and built up in the midst of war—war against the unreasonable treatment of reasonable motorists.

The A.A. has never shirked a fight. Its wonderful progress, 92,375 individual members in 8 years 11 months (August 28th, 1905, to June 30th, 1914), was achieved not merely because it fights, but because it always fights for the right thing at the right time.

The A.A. is fighting now—for the Country. It is organised and ready to fight harder than ever for the redress of any motoring grievance on the first day when it seems fair to fight.

The Peace Aims

of the A.A. include:—

- The re-application of Motorists' Millions to their original object, viz., Road maintenance and improvement.
- Employment of Armies on Road Construction during demobilisation.
- Continuance of all War Gas-washing Plants for Benzol, thereby adding many million gallons of Motor Spirit per annum to pre-war home production.
- Vigorous encouragement of Home-Produced Fuels and State regulation of prices to the user.
- Complete Sign-Posting of the British Isles on National lines.
- Drastic revision and consolidation of Motor Laws and abolition of all tolls.

When the time arrives to achieve these Aims, the A.A. will reap the fruits of its consistent patriotism, economy, care for the dependents of all its "serving" employees, prevision and reasonableness. The A.A. will have—

- A strong fighting programme.
- A "Motorists' War" Fund of six figures.
- An efficient staff of loyal workers.
- The well-earned sympathy of all Government Departments.

It is beyond doubt that this healthy condition is attributable to a clear appreciation at the outset of the Country's grave needs, to loyalty, to watchfulness and quiet—but not any the less efficient—protection of all reasonable motorists.

By order of the Executive Committee,

STENSON COOKE, Secretary.

April, 1918.

THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION & MOTOR UNION,
FANUM HOUSE, WHITCOMB STREET, LONDON,
W.C.2, and at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Cardiff, Swansea, Norwich, Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Paris, Nice.



Full up!

See that

tram-car? See them strap-hanging; see them reading one another's evening papers. All the town is going home. Squeezed out like this every night.

I always cycle. Two good breathers a day! Keep a clothes brush at

the office and I'm ready;—change at night and I'm ready again. It makes the day an adventure—dodging the water-carts in the morning; finding the shadowy ways at night; finding all the bits of wood-pavement; thinking my own thoughts. Not squeezed.

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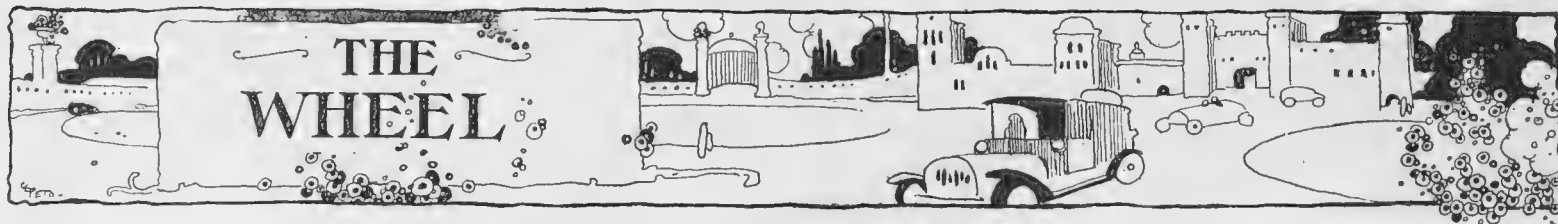
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Write for full particulars and prices of other models. Sent post free on request.

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GOOD WAR-WORK BY THE A.A.: AN AFTER-WAR PROGRAMME: "WELFARE AND HOUSING."

A War-Time Manifesto.

It was rather to be expected that the Automobile Association, after declining to accept the somewhat questionable programme of the "Motorists' National Council," should promulgate something on its own account. This is now forthcoming in the shape of a "Manifesto to Motorists," in which the war aims and peace aims alike of the Association are set forth in full detail. As to the former, it is pointed out that in August 1914 the A.A. defined its purpose in one brief sentence: "To assist the Government to the fullest extent of the Association's resources." This it claims to have done in manifold ways. It obtained over 18,000 members to volunteer for national work with their cars, at home or abroad. It encouraged every fit employé to serve, and has over 500 names on its roll of honour. It presented ambulances to the value of between £50,000 and £60,000 to the British, French, and Belgian armies. It organised the motor section of the Special Constabulary in 1915, and members are still doing invaluable work in this connection. Large numbers of cars were provided by members for the conveyance of wounded men from trains to hospitals. In the way of heavy transport for home defence the A.A. enrolled 2000 volunteers in one county alone, and placed a fleet of between 500 and 600 vehicles at the disposal of the authorities. It also rescued from Switzerland a large number of members' cars which would otherwise have not been recovered until after the war. And the one thing it did not do was to cavil at authority whenever motoring interests were likely to be disturbed by the exigencies of war.

Peace Aims. That policy the Association announces its intention of maintaining so long as the war lasts. When peace is declared it will resume the "motorists' war" on the following lines: (1) The re-application of motorists' millions to their original object—namely, road maintenance and improvement; (2) Employment of armies on road construction during demobilisation; (3) Continuance of all war gas-washing plants for benzol, thereby adding many million gallons of motor-spirit per annum to pre-war home production; (4) Vigorous encouragement of home-produced fuels, and State regulation of prices to the user; (5) Complete sign-posting of the British Isles on national lines; (6) Drastic revision and consolidation of motor laws, and abolition of all tolls. When the time arrives to achieve these aims, the A.A. believes that it will "reap the fruits of its consistent patriotism, economy, care for the dependents of all its 'serving' employes, prevision, and reasonableness." It further claims to have by anticipation (1) A strong fighting programme; (2) a 'motorists' war' fund of six figures; (3) an efficient staff of loyal workers; and (4) the well-earned

sympathy of all Government departments." And, looking at the subject from a dispassionate point of view, I am disposed to endorse its claims and its attitude in unhesitating fashion, in full acknowledgment of the fact that, under the guidance of its indefatigable secretary, Major Stenson Cooke, it has played an actively patriotic part throughout the war, and has formulated a fighting programme for the future on eminently correct lines.



THE U.S. DEPUTATION TO GAIN WAR-WORK INFORMATION IN ENGLAND: A PROMINENT MEMBER, MR. RYAN, OF THE U.S. RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' COUNCIL, LEAVING A TANK. Mr. Martin F. Ryan is President of the Brotherhood of Railway-Car Men, and a Member of the Executive Council of the Railway Employees Department, American Federation of Labour.—[Photograph by C.N.]

War-Workers and Motor Transit.

Possibly there are still a few people left who have failed to appreciate the paramount advantage of the motor vehicle of every type—namely, its ability to travel from point to point, entirely independent of set rails, fixed stations, or awkward time-tables. That the motor char-à-bancs have proved a godsend to munition workers is shown to particularly good effect in the case of the great firm of Vickers, Ltd., which now employs a hundred thousand "hands." When the war broke out the firm had to make huge and sudden increases in its staff, and the workers had perforce to be housed in many cases at some distance from the works. But as the labour manager, Mr. J. E. Hutton, describes in his new and excellent volume on "Welfare and Housing," the situation was promptly and effectively dealt with by the provision of a large fleet of motor char-à-bancs, and these have been maintained in constant service throughout the war. Every morning they make a complete round of the men's and women's hostels, and convey the occupants to the works. Then they start back with those who have been working during the night. In the dinner-hour the vehicles are used for those who take their meals at home instead of in the canteens; and in the evening they take the day-workers home and bring in the night-shifts. Without this motor fleet the colossal undertakings of the firm could not have been carried out on their present remarkable scale.

Pricking the Bubble. Attempts to arouse anti-motoring prejudice are still made from time to time, despite the fact that it is only possible in isolated instances, and at obvious risk, to use a car without an official permit.

A few days ago, to take a case in point, a statement was published to the effect that "a large number of motor-cars were seen on the race-course at Gatwick or travelling from it after the racing was over." The Chief Economy Officer of the Petroleum Executive, Mr. E. S. Shrapnell-Smith, has effectually disposed of this absurd exaggeration by a plain statement of the facts. There were not more than fifteen cars at Gatwick on



FROM THE U.S. TO GAIN WAR-WORK INFORMATION IN ENGLAND AS GUESTS OF THE GOVERNMENT: LADIES OF THE AMERICAN PARTY IN A TANK DURING A "RUN."

The party of representative Americans, comprising both men and women, who came over to England to gain information as to certain departments of war-work, as the guests of the British Government, have lost no time in getting to work. One of their visits to industrial centres was to see the manufacture of Tanks, and in the above photograph two ladies of the party are seen taking a trip in a Tank. The lady in the centre is Mrs. Sarah Bird Spraggon, Superintendent of the Women's Employment Division, State of Missouri, and State Vice-Chairman of Women's Division, Council of National Defence. On the right is Miss Melinda Scott, President Straw Hat Trimmers and Operatives' Union. On the left is Lieut. George Crossmith, R.N.V.R.—[Photograph by C.N.]

the day in question, and fourteen belonged to officers on short leave, with the usual six-gallon permits. The fifteenth man was prosecuted and fined. As usual, the story had the start of the contradiction,



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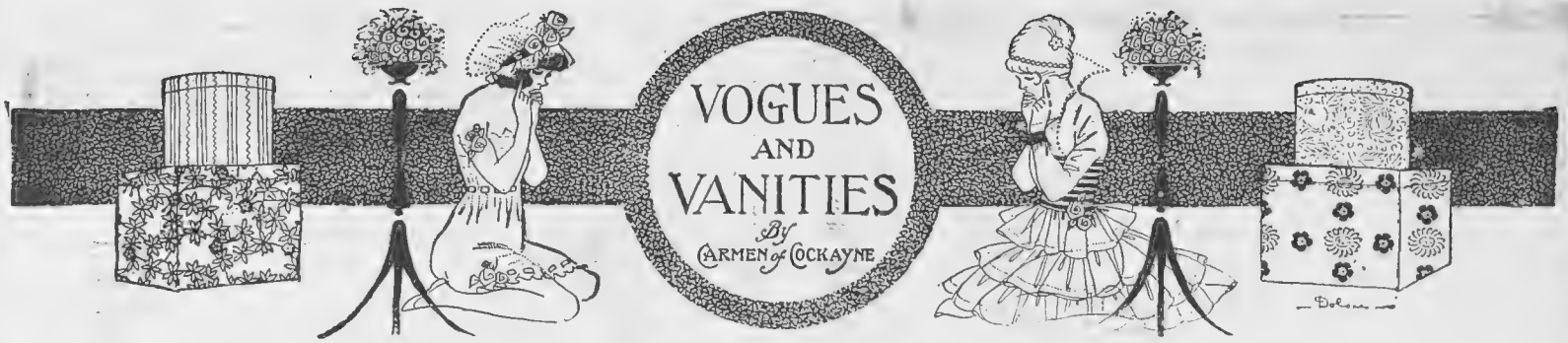
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The New Version of It.

"Women must work and men must fight" is the new version of an old poem. But war-work, important as it is, does not comprise the whole duty of women—not even in war-time, when heaps of people think that looking nice is a crime, and bracket frivolity with the seven deadly sins, quite forgetting that all work without any play—and, what is almost more important, pretty frocks—would tend to turn Jill into a very dull girl, instead of the capable, cheery, energetic person to whom kind Adam has given a vote for "playing the game" in very difficult times. But love, even with war-work super-added, does not form woman's whole existence, though it is true that a great deal of her time is occupied in activities of which she was once thought to be incapable. She has still to "keep the home fires burning," with coal at sky-high prices, and contend against the food difficulties. And, when she has done all that, there is still the question of keeping her home up to date, for there are fashions in furnishing as well as in frocks, and no woman can neglect either the one or the other without risking consequences that few of her sex would feel strong enough to face.

What is Essential.

However, there is a grain of comfort for the heroines striving to keep up appearances on an income that seems to dwindle almost as rapidly as prices rise. There is, for the moment, no one particular fashion in furniture that can be neglected only at the risk of being labelled behind the times. Bengaline curtains in Balham or muslin ones in Mayfair are equally correct; and it really doesn't matter whether your lord and master seats his august person on real Chippendale or ash camouflaged as dark oak so long as proper attention is paid to cushions and lamp-shades and details of that sort.

The Important Lampshade.

For, lamp-shades are important. Of course, no true housewife ever regarded them as unessential trifles. But the war-work complexion has given them an added prestige, and, like most things, they now serve a double purpose. Your war lampshade is not merely meant to screen the too-bright light, but is especially framed with a view to doing its best for the appearance of its mistress. It may be as bright as the dyer can make it, or dark as Hades; but if it is really up to date it will be lined with some soft-coloured silk to temper its brilliance or relieve its sobriety; and, of course, only a philistine would use a shade of a different colour from the prevailing tint of the rest of the room.

A Matter of Education.

Pitfalls surround the path of the housewife. It is so easy to avoid the Scylla of the startling and bizarre, and fall, as a consequence, into the Charybdis of dullness. After all, the fact that lampshades, if

they are of silk, must, like frocks, be pleated or gauged in panel sections, and each section outlined with gold or silver galon, is something which only the initiated can be expected to know; and, unless your education in household matters has been more extensive than that enjoyed by most Englishwomen, you can't be expected to know that a Chinese note can never be wrong, and at the present moment is very much the right thing in house-furnishing, provided that you are one of those lucky beings whose purse permits of indulgence in household experiments.

Search Your China Cupboard.

The lucky owner of Chinese vases can, of course, immediately bring her drawing-room into line with fashion's requirements without indulging in the vice of extravagance. All that is necessary is to have them fitted with Arctic lights or electric candles; after that, it is only common-sense to see that parchment shades are painted in the same colours and designs as appear on the vase. But everybody's taste does not run in the direction of the Oriental, in which case the Empire shade is ready to take on a decorative job—or, better still, there is the shaded shade, an alternative that has the advantage of being new as well as immensely effective. A pale-pink shade may be pretty—it is undoubtedly becoming; but not nearly so becoming nor so new as the shade in which pale-pink blushes to a deeper hue, and, darkening by degrees, reaches at length a deep crimson. As an alternative there are shades that start life in the palest champagne-colour and end by becoming a deep brown; heliotrope darkens to violet, primrose-yellow to deep orange; and there are numbers of others too numerous to describe in detail.

The Mattress Cushion.

Cushions are chartered liberties permitted to indulge in every vagary of size, shape, and

colour without fear of censure. The cushion, too, has assumed a new rôle. Perhaps it is because furniture is expensive, perhaps it is only due to a desire to be "different," but the new cushion combines the work of a mattress with its usual duties. Most cushions are meant to survey life from the altitude of a chair or sofa. But the newest variety is content with a much more lowly position. The floor-mattress cushion lives down to its name. It looks like a mattress on a small scale, and its proper place is the floor; and, if anyone can think of a cushion whose duties are further removed from those one ordinarily associates with this particular object, let them produce it.



After all, there is no reason to be uncomfortable, even in war-time, the way that fashion demands. And what could be a more attractive and becoming background for a woman than a boudoir that has midnight-blue walls, sprinkled with silver stars, and a divan raised on a silver dais and upholstered with moon-blue silk, to say nothing of cushions of yellow and blue and silver tissue?

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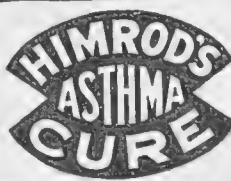
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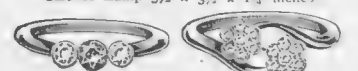


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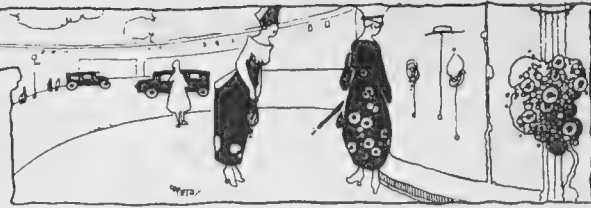


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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN



The Surface of Our Lives.

This, dear readers, is a fateful spring, and one to be faced bravely; therefore let us think of cheerful things, and talk of those that lie not at our hearts, but flutter on the surface of our lives. We can find pleasure, if it be but fleeting, in the sight of a bright young face, its frame the very latest thing in hats, a head-gear close as a student's skull-cap, of russet silk, camouflaged with tawny tulle in which clusters of velvet-petalled wallflowers breathe out perfume—for, an it please you, the latest whim is to perfume artificial flowers as near like nature as may be. Or our artistic sense leaps pleasurably to the sight of a tall woman, white of face, dark and soft of eye, red of lips, dressed all in black and beautifully. Her headgear is like a pirate's cap, set well back, of rich and rare coloured embroidery, with no tassel at the end—rather has it a Saxon flavour. The effect is excellent.

Our Princess.

Our young Princess comes of age this week. She has the gift of youthful looks—one which she probably undervalues greatly now, but which will be more useful as time goes on. It is not generally known that her Royal Highness is a very skilful whip, because she does not drive in London. In the country she drives a pair of cobs, or a single one, with the greatest judgment. The Princess is a fairly good pianist and reads music well at sight; her voice for singing is sweet, but small; and, like

A most becoming little confection of tulle for theatre wear, with a band which fits tightly to the head, and a small tulle bow at the back.

the Queen her mother, she uses it most effectively in ballads. Again like the Queen, she has been the one girl among brothers; but, unlike her Majesty, the Princess has joined with those brothers in their outdoor sports and games. She is a clever salmon and trout angler, a specially excellent horsewoman, plays a real good game at tennis, quite understands cricket (which she used to play with her brothers), and skates steadily and well. Our Princess is, in a word, a splendid young Englishwoman.

The Newest and the Nicest.

Our minds in springtime turn to thoughts of dress; it is the dictate of Nature, and a good one, as all her works are good. Harrods, that great house that has won our confidence so thoroughly, have their spring styles, as they have everything, in variety and in rare distinction. Their booklet is entitled "Spring," and it is a pleasant setting forth of pretty clothes, the newest and the nicest. To those who desire to make practical use of it this book will be sent if applied for—in these days of shortness of paper no patriotic woman sends for such a book except for useful purpose. The fashions shown are practical and suited to the times, and they comprise all that women and children want for under and for over wear. The petticoats are particularly alluring and useful. As to the hats, they are legion and lovely; and coats and blouses offer no end of choice.

Hog Manes. I suppose the Huns hope to reduce us to hog manes, since the supply of hair-pins in the country is only sufficient for

three months, and wire for a further supply will not be forthcoming. Well, we shall all look younger if we do have to hog our manes; but I think we shall be all right, and, if necessary, find some good substitute. I don't know how we are off for horn; hair-pins of this substance, if more expensive, are also more efficient, and better for the hair than metal. Hun women pride themselves on their luxuriant locks, which, as they never shampoo them and seldom use a comb—brushing, I believe, vigorously—we do not envy them.



Straw and satin are a favourite combination for hats just now. This one has a brim shaped like that of a Napoleon hat, in blue straw; while the crown is of steel-grey satin.

The Blouse Beautiful.

There are blouses *and* blouses—for there are some that are blousey, and others that are beautiful. Barker's, of Kensington, have the blouse beautiful in great variety. Nor need the war economist be dismayed, for the cost is most moderate. Very neat and dainty is the "Mary," in crêpe-de-Chine, with a novel shaped collar and Raglan sleeve, at 14s. 9d.; there is a quiet distinction about the "Lydia," in écru Bretonne lace, with a corselet effect and a charming collar, and this costs only 21s. 9d. There are other delightful crêpe-de-Chine blouses at 14s. 9d.; and a lovely cotton georgette one, with hem-stitched collar and revers, and fitting Raglan sleeves at 10s. 6d. The Barker blouse beautiful is therefore of exceptional value, too. In sports coats the firm has a wonderful variety at prices from 33s. 9d. to 68s. 9d. Other items in Barker's spring fashions that are keenly appreciated are gabardine coats at 4½ guineas.



Plaids and checks are the rage at present, so why not use them on a hat? The crown of the one above is of plaid ribbon gathered simply into a heading at the top.

The Briton Loves Best.

Where we shall really feel the shoe pinch, if the Boches keep us out of victory much longer, is lack of toilet soap. Think of the bath, the order of the day that the Briton loves best, without our most excellent Erasmic! Think of the process of shaving to our gallant men without the Erasmic stick! It won't bear thinking about—I am going to hoard Erasmic forthwith! The Hun, of course, doesn't mind being dirty—it is only matching his outside to his inside. We, on the other hand, would rather be hungry than be unwashed.

The Tonic That Tells.

Women are beginning to flag, says a doctor man, under the strain of war anxieties and shortage of fat foods. Are they? Not a bit of it, Mr. Doctor Man. Women are just as fit now as they were when war began—some of them fitter! I know several of my sex who, at over seventy, are visiting hospital wards, taking the patients books, papers, smokes, and fruit, superintending the work they do, writing letters for them, and generally mothering them for regular hours each second day. I find that many women workers take courses of Phosphorine. They tell me that they could not hold out without it—it quite re-vitalises them, and makes them feel younger and more energetic. Sailors, soldiers, and flying men are staunch Phosphorinites, and declare it to be the tonic that tells! That is the testimony that matters.



A black-and-white check frock with the latest thing in collars of fine white piqué, forming a sort of cape at the back. This is lined with black satin, which also lines the over-sleeves and forms the waistcoat. The tight under-sleeves are of white piqué.



S. 43.

S. 44.

S. 45.

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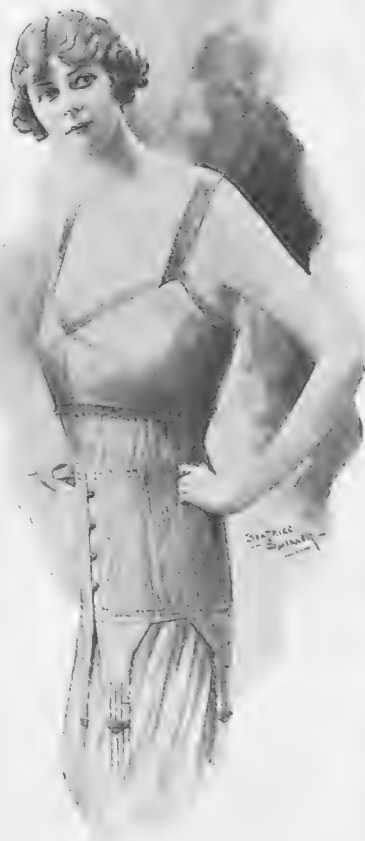
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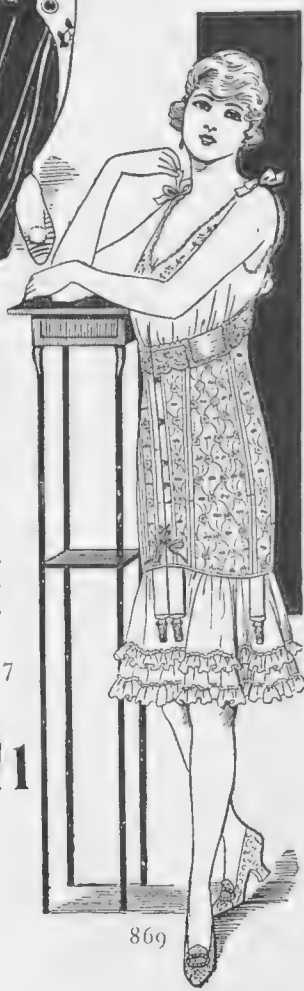
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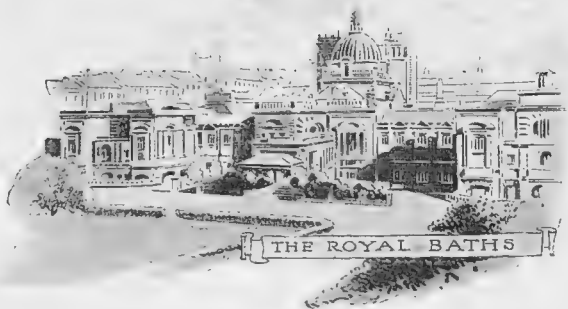
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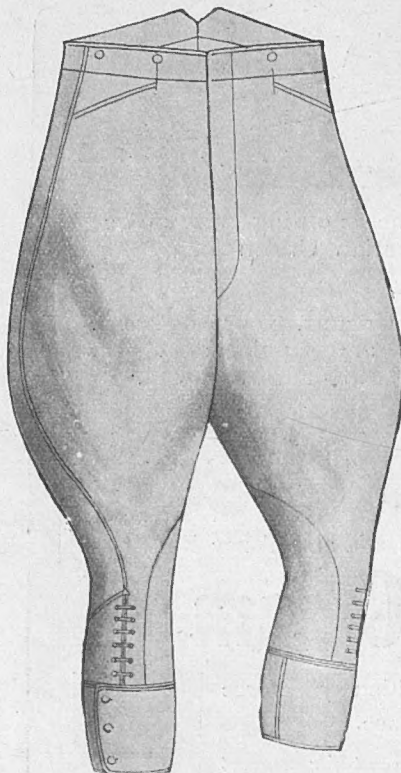
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